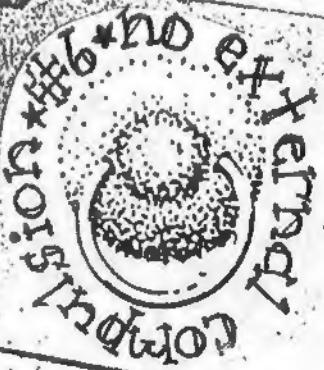


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# INVOCATION

Ⓐ

Gen had tripped on the doorstep while coming out of the crowded sweaty basement. Out of place and out of step, she picked her knees up off of the stairs and noticed a footprinted mess of papers lying next to her. The show in the basement had disheartened, had broken romanticisms - drunken, bare-breasted mohawks fighting large and backed up by a band that didn't care to entertain the entire crowd - just the boneheaded few. It rubbed against Gen and she no longer cared either. Didn't care about looking any farther, looking any different, doing any damage. Routine came back and walked Gen home with a face full of blankness. At home, she had rediscovered the papers she had picked up. It turned out to be the same thing you are looking at now. Gen read along just like you are right now. And all of us wonder what will be said next, where the story leads and who leads it. Is it you?! Has the ending been imagined? Is there even a story?! And what is the conveyed wordthought? Morals, stories, messages... fuck 'em all, says I. I want to pull you onto paper, Gen. I want to reflect yourself in these pages. Please brush away the dirt and read closer. This is you plagiarized. Sitting on benches watching people walk by we imagine and emote, but stop before it burns us out. Let's burn it together. Don't write, be creative - that's my job. I'm steaming your mind - you wrote this. In fact, this isn't even happening, it's all a dream. Soon you'll wake up and see these words lying on the floor next to you. Do

You hear me Gen? Are you still there?  
I ask you because you deserve to be  
asked - you being the main character in  
this unfolding... story?.. Anyway, I  
address you because you will listen to me  
and change. I know because these are  
your words I am stealing - your words  
and desires. And so you're disheartened  
with everything and when you got home you read  
this and started writing a story about your night.  
And you write to vent the unventable - the  
all-encompassing emotion. Gen, your actions  
perplex with normalcy, shutting, closing, locking  
new thought, making no sense but the common.  
Can't you see the reader's asshole shitting out  
question marks as you write this?! I take no  
credit. It's what you told me to write...  
remember? Gen knows, Gen understands. This  
is where it is. This is what you can  
trust, because it was taken from you  
and now given back. Can you believe the  
news, the media - bought and paid for,  
indeed in mass, tossed and passed until  
the speed distorts, conceals and silences?  
It's getting closer and will continue,  
as this country disintegrates further.  
This is the new touch, the awakening -  
hold it, help create it. There is no  
life in consumption. Gen clips, pastes,  
types, xeroxes, stays up all night,  
misses work, moves out, lives more, blinks less,  
blinks when time permits, but doesn't permit time.  
No permits, just action and reaction - drink and  
piss. And where should I place you in all of  
this?! I have the power, because you will react  
to my words now. I give it to Gen. Gen places  
you on a bed eating yourself, consuming your  
passion, drowning in an empty swimming pool. N-  
control is given, just created. This is where  
be/is/are. Steal me, Generate.

# FUCK: BIOWARFARE

(AIDS)

Walking down a back alley after a long night of dumpstering I see those works splayed across a wall and reality cringe at the phrase. People get pissed at our (yours... not mine) government's reaction to the plague. I don't give a fuck because it's very obvious to me that it doesn't fucking matter. It's here and it's fucking killed... plague, government... it's all the fucking same. The reflection of all the ignorance, misinformation, fear and doubt... I might as well be wearing Kaposi's lesions already. And if ya don't catch my groove, then my point is made. Today I look at myself and see a twenty-two year-old queer slowly understanding the changes going on inside of me and the changes twisting the landscape in front of my eyes. Twisting the rationalities into irrationalities... and in the middle of every mass movement I'm twisted... every flock... every migration. Welcome to the turn of the century - same as it ever was. AIDS, the virus, the plague... the mindset. It's two steps away from me right now. You know, friends of friends, but not friends, have died. Tomorrow it will catch my shadow (my friend, my lover, my world.) All of my friends' grandparents are dying of cancer and it's become a natural way for so many families to die - one year of decay and a final gasping, grasping, gaping goodbye. Decay it away and watch all of your actions become throbbing futility. There is no pride in decay, only stale reaction. Cancer is no longer perceived as decay (an unnatural way to die in an unnatural environ) Cancer is no longer reacted to, just dealt with. AIDS is cancer for those who won't become grandparents, who won't have a family to desensitize the anger. So let's assimilate, bay-bee. Let's construct a pretty pink house to protect our withering, grey, wife-beating virus... just like all the breeders. Then maybe they'll have AIDS readathons in all of the schools and we won't have to call it an epidemic, 'cause it'll look and taste as natural as the hamburgers and Ho-Ho's that we're fucking our mouths with. Then maybe all of the faggots will go away and all the dykes will find real men.

# CUT THE LINE

Upon further recollection, I've realized that I'm not worthy of alienation. Alienation, the impetus for a million and one punk screams. Alienation, the male equivalent of an everyday female fact of life. I want to erase the lines that I've drawn on my body to blend. To blend with the contours of the corner that I've been building in. sexuality. And the privilege of a defined alienation that's somehow justified and understood... thankfully, I've picked up on the jazz and see alienation for what it is - an automated, technomotion of language. A word enhanced and utilized by the computer age to mask the oppression fed us by these capitechno fleshed-up machines. They were people I once knew, kissed and played dress-up with. Downtown in a slo-mo acid blur, disaffection paints ties and high heels across my eyes... but the brush strokes for the grimaced, zoned mouths reflect my stares the longest. I watched a drunk bumbler scream at the top of his lungs in a busy downtown plaza - no one even turned their heads. My silence is uncertain - will I be heard if I scream?! Am I being heard right now?! Certainty only strangles the knowledge that I will no longer let alienation fertilize my self-pity. It is time for me to begin talking... talking, explaining, articulating, emoting, and especially listening. Do I make sense? If not it is only because I'm just beginning to lick the reality and potential of my words. I'm only now beginning to understand the distress that my autofacial alienated maneuvers has cultivated.

Slowly I find the joys and strengths associated with community. Alienation is the static on the 3a.m. television... community is me... you. It is a channel for my words, my apologies, my desires. Community starts with the air passing out of our lungs and twisted by our tongues and lips. Alienation is an autosupremale entity with one nemesis: our tongues and lips... and my mouth will erase these cornered lines.

# RIGHT NOW...

I'm trying to figure out how I feel, how I'm supposed to feel and how to feel. Heavy, eh?! Well, not really. The confusion just fucks with my ability to concentrate on anything else properly. So I'm back in front of my personal therapist... er, I mean typewriter. There was this guy I met on the metro last summer. He got on mumbling to himself. Then, a few blocks later an older womyn hobbled aboard and as she plopped herself down, the man said "Hi, Mom!" And a second later, he dropped out "How ya doin'?" She looked back, squinting her eyes. Then she looked back towards the front of the bus, her nurse uniform almost seeming to hold her up. "You doin' ok Mom?" the man said again. Flippin' around, she repeated her actions. The man was obviously mighty fucked up, but I don't think there's many people out there who couldn't recognize their mother through a buzzed haze. And as he got off the bus, he mumbled some more and ended with "See ya later Mom." Someone asked the old womyn if she knew him and she said no and laughed uncomfortably. I was amazingly perplexed by the whole situation... especially now, five months later as the whole scenario still paints itself across my thoughts... my thoughts of how I should feel. And I wonder how much longer I'll be able to deal with everything I face before I, too, will be stumbling drunk on a metro lokkin' for my mother. Right now I feel the same way I felt after sitting on that bus. Something below the surface of everything is unsettling, yet everything still appears normal... untouched by the mumbulation of twisted vibes. And lately that feeling pervades every moment that my brain is awake.



And when awoken, I swim. Swim in and out of situation after situation until I'm drownin' in my dreams from these conscious somnambulations. Situations starin' at me through the surresleepal landscape of my noggin. Yeah, every second is pervaded with uncertainty - can you tell?! It's ok - I work out my situfucktions by treading in the wordwater of my dictobrain. And I'm surviving with the vocabulary therapy of sleep and decay... and it's working.

## DECAY DECAY

Swimming in the decay of it all, switching from the butterfly to the doggy-paddle, finding that inevitable laugh squirm out of face. It's down the street from me. It's this vacant building that's up for sale. The laugh is the fact that it's a vacant real estate office that's up for sale by a different real estate agency. The city is a dictionary and this building is rot, defined. Defined to who? To ME... yeah, me, and the thoughts that paint the picture that I'm exaggerating are now flippin' over, doing the backstroke to a different tune. The tune is called conspiracy, pal, and it's been used before. I want to fuck up every real estate office I can get my hands on. And when I've turned every page in this dictionary trying to uncover all of the offices in all of the definitions, I'll set up my own real estate office to sell all of the other offices. Why, you ask? (You ask that a lot...) Because I wish to dive into a new definition of my (your) property. ROT, infinitesimal in every molecule of air that I swim through across the boundaries of this building that has now grown into this confused mass of words. ROT REAL ESTATE will not sell the offices that I fucked up earlier. Instead, it will sell the molecules of rot within (not the action of swimming, but it's vitality) A good business venture - ROT sells itself. Open your eyes when you're swimming, 'cause the evidence is clear, bay-bee. ROT is us sold because we sell this infinitesimal, omnipresent decay to each other. It confuses me... you can tell. Yes, you can, because I can see you drowning inside your real estate office which is just past the FOR SALE sign that I'm staring at in definition. I won't rot.

# SLEEP

SLEEP

Before I go to sleep, I feel the need to write something... something important and amazing... I know the energy to do so is inside of me. If only it would ooze out. I could tell you about my sexuality. Could you relate? I could spin a fine story. Would it matter? How about some bright ideas that I've been zonin' on? Have you had them, too? It all seems so important, yet it doesn't seem to matter if I tell you at all. And if I did, would it really help anyone? So I'll question you, because I don't matter and would rather waste my time mining your mind for information to fill my questions that I won't be asking you. Slide down a slide... I want you to imagine sliding down a slide backwards and seeing these words remain at the top of the slide continually becoming smaller and further away. When you fall off of the slide, you can no longer focus on this. Why? Because you're too busy figuring out whether you want your mind to land in sand or water... or a tank of singing alligators wearing purple ties (it is, after all, your mind!). I'm so sick of playing these playground games with my mind. Maybe I should mirrorrealize that they're not my words... I'm just borrowing them and will pass them on just as so many individuals have done to me. Maybe you're borrowing my wordshit already. In fact I know you are, because you've read this far into my meaningless diatribe. Yeah... and furthermore, the word caterpillar appears and crawls into your skull and now you've gotten more than you bargained for from this. Why? Because I'm already done and have barely begun and have encompassed everything - my sexuality, my bright ideas and my fine stories - I've even encompassed your confusion and filled it with vulnerability. I know I have, because my own words have done this to me and there is no difference between me and you. Surprise, sleepyhead.

dressed

d h d r

Slip into the androgyny. It isn't hard and doesn't hurt and is much more exciting than your petty, mundane existence. This is about boys wearing dresses. Unfortunately grrrls are screwed over again since androgynous wear is much commonly accepted... unless ya wear a smooth boy suit and all that jazz. But who the fuck wants to dress up like a boy, right?!? Anyway, this is about boys and their fabric, 'cause we need help. Big help. Punk is accepted, or at least tolerated, so why not push the

bastards one step further. Fashion CAN be a catalyst for change and if I see distrust in your eyes, then think about this - we can make it a catalyst.

You, me, we push every fucking awakened twitch beyond the point of that fateful decision.

That decision to turn around and look back in the mirror and put on something a little more toned-down. The mirror's inside us wirin' up our securities and slappin', em with a big fat "IN-", and so we are the downed tone lookin' like just another. So ya see, the boys they have to wear the dress and learn the moves, learn to do the brain-curtsey. And you're lucky, 'cause ya got me and the androgunk P-rockers to aid ya in the right fit. The first thing ya do is find someone who wears grrrr clothes to go with you to some second-hand store or some other place that has cheap rags. You need someone because you're a boy and your fashion sense is SHIT. Besides, it's more fun to try on dresses with someone else there to laugh and drool in comaderay. Dresses are also funner to shop and steal because no two are alike, unlike most clothes we little boys end up finding ourselves in.

So you have a partner, a place with clothes and fast hands or a couple of green tickets (money, stupid!) The whole new world order is in front of you! Now, - a purple matches pretty P-rock accessories. For instance, I always pick dresses which will compliment the beer I'll be drinkin' - a purple rag 2) COLOR COORDINATION - It's always better if your dress matches your P-rock accessories. For instance, I always cut off the top and have a skirt AND a skirt. Skirts always pull off a dress, but in case you don't, here's a few tips:

1) DRESSES VS. SKIRTS - Dresses have a top, skirts don't. Got

that? I usually find cooler dresses, though and you can always

get away with a skirt if you're skatin', real hard - not a

pretty sight! Dresses are punker.

From your waist and slip if you're skatin', real hard hanging

out of the top and cool off. Cut off the top and have a skirt AND a skirt. Skirts always

pull off a dress, but in case you don't, here's a few tips:

2) COLOR COORDINATION - It's always better if your dress matches

your P-rock accessories. For instance, I always

pick out a color that goes with the rest of the outfit. Like

the red shirt and blue jeans. Or the blue shirt and red pants.

Or the black shirt and black pants. Or the white shirt and white pants.

Or the yellow shirt and yellow pants. Or the orange shirt and orange pants.

Or the green shirt and green pants. Or the blue shirt and blue pants.

Or the red shirt and red pants. Or the white shirt and white pants.

Or the yellow shirt and yellow pants. Or the orange shirt and orange pants.

Or the green shirt and green pants. Or the blue shirt and blue pants.

Or the red shirt and red pants. Or the white shirt and white pants.

Or the yellow shirt and yellow pants. Or the orange shirt and orange pants.

Or the green shirt and green pants. Or the blue shirt and blue pants.

Or the red shirt and red pants. Or the white shirt and white pants.

Or the yellow shirt and yellow pants. Or the orange shirt and orange pants.

Or the green shirt and green pants. Or the blue shirt and blue pants.

Or the red shirt and red pants. Or the white shirt and white pants.

3) DRESSING AS OUR EMPERORSHIP. We

hit people where

flaunt

shift

up



# shoYy gun K

then, wing that nut.

and subvert the fuckin', heck out of Mr. and Mrs. Gender. Until  
Sister Spud! We must reclaim our identity - listen to Adam Ant,  
Sister Sludge Spunkin', the Big Boys and other past androgynes  
shift up! The first innovative fashion sense further undergirds  
the positive extraterritorial pants-action and layout  
- a positive twist walkin' with the pants-action to fear. So flip  
think it might be. It's also a great exercise in humillation  
- a positive extraterritorial pants-action to fear.

prohibiting. Get a nice loose cotton piece - wear it a week  
and you'll never go back. Dresses are worn for comfort and  
if you can't get that out of it, why even wear the damn things?  
So now you've found a dress to suit your needs. "What next?"  
you ask. Well, ya might want some leggings to go with it to  
cover up those ugly legs of yours. Punk patches also look mighty  
spiffy sewn on the bottom or back. Hell, toss on some nail polish  
or lipstick to fully jump into that genderblender! The  
possibilities are endless... The best way to come out as an  
andro-gunk is to grab a beer or two and forget that you were  
ever a boy before (you'll quickly find out how easy it is to  
pass in a dress!). This whole process is a lot easier than you

*watch 'em off guard. No supervisive*



*act is seductive with the*

very important. Tight polyester fuckin', socks - too itchy and  
4) TYPE OF MATERIAL - This is important, because comfort is  
to every person. This is important, because comfort is  
shorter dresses are good for doing skirts, although you  
might find yourself flying down a street showing your  
shorter dresses are good for doing skirts, although you  
might find yourself flying down a street showing your  
for people to look up and you can still show off some leg action.  
3) LENGTH - Knee-length is a good rock length since it's harder  
and it'll look clean.  
2) MATCH - Match a red label, etc., of course, as with all other clothes,  
to always preferred since you can wear it for a good month  
black and it'll look clean.

Up

# ~~ZONED~~



Neurosis screams the words "Tonight's nightmares are tomorrow's realities!" as these words bubble onto paper. The truth is comprehensible with every newfound caress of experienced craze. Creativity, anger, oppression, noise, action... they all collide now and a future is exorcised. Reality is exercised, running around the block passing up groups of joggers... turning around and pissing on their feet - giving them something new to never forget. This is where we stand - on the edge of a present industreality which we've been staring at for decades and looking off of the edge waaaayyyy down into the chasm... and once in awhile catching a glimpse of tomorrow's reality. A reality littered with angeriot racial strife, copmarine playground games, diseased-relationshipped tonguehumps and an occasional glimmer



of intense relovelease - kissing gutterpunk rubbing the dirt off of each other's backs in the midst of a National Guard siren down the block. SLAM and the intro trannies into the song with the help of a single trumpet note... Shi began to see the clarity in hir maneuvres that night. The here and now was still bleak, but the smirk on hir face was still managing to throb with that positive mental attitude. Hungoverly awake, shi picked up hir brain, gripped it firmly with hir long red fingernails and squeeeezed all the bad juice out. The high pitch squeal bubbled out as the juice was extracted and Zone knew what shi had to do. It was



time. Yes, it was time. It was time to pick up that horn, wail those notes and steady those pissed lips. Looking at hir horn, brain impulses flashed hir back to third grade voids - band practise with this dirty-old-man band instructor who would put his arm around hir as he counted along with hir sheet music. Now, years later, shi picked up the same horn with a sharp-knuckled grip and was determined to blast all of yesterday's bad vibes away and fuck hir own self-made aural image. Off with the Coltrane tape, down with one more dry mouthful of cheap beer and sssliooooowwliyy the hand reached for hir baby. Shi licked hir lips one last time just as the mouthpiece touched them and hir lungs pulled in the polluted air needed to channel the image to hir ears.

BBBBBLLLLLLLULUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU  
BBBBBLLLLLLLUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU  
Maybe three in the morning wasn't such a good time to blat  
the trumpet waves, what the hell, having an awake roomate  
to drumble to wasn't such a bad thing either...



And now hir fingers ached from passing out while still gripping the brass. And the morning sounded great. The morning sounded like the thumpin' bassbeat of a gutterblaster happily talking in a vacant lot. And before hir image loosened, Zone could see a plane crashing out of the ruins of the last note. Up and down, in and out the sound did flow until the last gasp of air dropped onto the floor, unknowingly startling the old man living below and leaving scorched bureaucrats to crawl from the plane's wreckage. Under the couch a roach was placed the night before, so Zone started hir day with a couple of hits, a cheap cup of coffee and yesterday's classifieds - three hits of buzz, five slugs of mud and four minutes looking for a job.

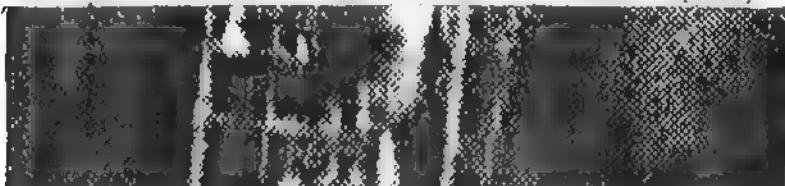
Last night played its route across hir thoughts and into the



trumpet. It stumbled out - too much input, darlin'. Last night - another flippy twist covered in mist to prohibit the kiss of a newborn kiss. Only the drinks, the drunks, the assholes, the shortcomings were remembered. The pot kicked in suddenly and last night was forgotten. Thinkin' to hirself: 'Now what was it that I was dbin'? Oh yeah, playin' trump. So let's go.'

BLOOOP wahwahbabopbop  
BLOOOP wahwahbabopbop

The shit just wasn't hittin' the concrete right, though. Instead of loadin' the trump, Zone tossed on the new Spitboy



tracks and got the cats in hir hat knockin' to some p-rock scat. Ain't no time for jazz when the soul is screamin' that blankgen anxiety, bay-bee. Maybe this would help the shit come off the carpet. Too many thought-holes blockin' hir intuitive edge... holdin' a switchblade to hir psyche. It was time to walk - it was decided and done and so the *da*, was planned and enacted. Wandering around stoned, continually forgetting and remembering what to do, Zone began to realize how long shi had been zone(d.) How long shi had been grasping for a way out of this maze of melancholy. 'How long can it go on?' shi thought as shi slithered out of yet another coffeeshop. The groove was routine, hitting hard and ordinary. BAM.

Shi had already heard about Clema's abortion - why a letter?  
They hadn't talked in over a year. The shit had definitely  
been damaged-up since the court decision. It seemed like  
every week someone else was being fucked with one for  
having an abortion, aiding with one, knowing about one...  
you fucking name it. And the **THEY** did a damn good job - Clema asking  
about it. Both knew it... now. The rage was never properly lashed  
before the decision... not that they could afford a legal  
one then, but the effects at least they wouldn't be doin' time for it.  
Now the effects were being felt. In every room, especially every alley,  
every jailed abortionist's cell... and especially every zone's  
cranial space, opening the fear. Clema was in jail, busted in the  
midst of getting the fear. Clema was in jail, busted in the  
grab the trumpet. Hir only cure from the item. Hir left was to  
in the house. Hir only cure material item. Hir played all day with the  
trumpetnote mirage. And it played all day with the  
skuldances playing happily around hir tears. The blues



AND blue is masked tension which zone felt inside. It had to escape. And escape is masked zone feeling inside. Feeling inside for a clue. And the clues rang out of the brass and the answer was grasped. The notes peeled off his clothes. The notes kissed his belly, painted over his tears with clouded, clear jelly. His brain giggled at the shiny noise - at the twisted air that his lungs were pushing out. Nothing else mattered. Zone picked up the low D flat and chipped away the crusty jelly under his eyes, under his arms, under his tired breasts, between his legs. Stop the blast and a nakedness had been sculpted. Pick up a high D flat and a gun was chiseled from the contraceptive jelly. Maybe tomorrow his could find the bullets hidden among the three valves.

Hi Zoney -

I'm going fucking INSANE here, Zoney.  
I really don't want to burden you with my  
problems, but I feel like you understand  
me. Remember that night when  
we went out and you played your "pet  
trump" for me?! I wanted to kiss you  
so bad. Watching your lips tighten and  
your droopy-drunk eyelids sag with the  
melody. No, I went home and everything  
became another night at the bar. Prison  
is lonely. My baby's due in two months.  
Hopefully, I'll be on maternity probation  
by then. They lock this honing device to  
your leg so you can only go to work or  
no more than 20 ft from your house.  
The state nurse calls daily, I guess.  
(They call them pigwives here...) And a  
honing device will also be attached to  
my baby. It's all fucking scary. I  
hope we can get together when I  
get out.

See ya,  
Clema

Yeah, so here we are... Everything in this zine with the exception of this piece was written a long time ago. I've been lazy or something... Actually, seeing as I've been two pages from finishing this issue for about ten months now I've come to the conclusion that it's got more to do with confusion than laziness. Yeah, confusion... Most of this issue I don't even like - probably because I've been staring at it for so long. Nevertheless, it's gotta get done - the fans are waiting.... right next to all of the other appliances floating around inside my mental cavity. Confusion, yeah, confusion. It's about seein' my own passion and desire sitting down sharin' a joint with some flake (no, not the frosted) when it should be runnin. My desires should be runnin' - I crave more energy and find it going up in smoke, wasted on anxiety (dreaming about tomorrow's chores and excuses) It's about gettin' calls asking where my student loan payments are and explaining to a lawyer (a lawyer!) that I'm from another dimension where ties are illegal. It's about bein' a butthole surfer. It's about finally having a job where I'm autonomous, where there's benefits, where I can learn skills and grow, yet I'm still cringing at the thought of wasting my time just to pay someone I've never met to live somewhere I've never met. It's about bein' confused. I'm sick of writing in first person - that's one reason why this issue's taken so long to finish. Oh well. Hopefully any bitterness I feel will be flushed soon. I also get sick of thinking trivial thoughts - thoughts of the space between conversations, between minor problems, between the bullshit. Every thought must come from a genius from now on... right. Say it how you mean it, fucker. Ok, I promise that I will. Ya ever see the back of your skull when you should be looking where you're walking, but you've been walking to get somewhere for so long that it doesn't really matter if you look where you're going. So you stare straight ahead and reverse your pupils and the sunlight shines straight through to the back of your skull and your alter ego (who, me?!) is making shadow puppets only it just looks like the jerk is stranglin' the air... the air in your head. And then you get to your destination and you flip your pupils around and talk the talk and do the do and dosy-do... but you'll be back on the street or maybe it's just me who's always goin' in circles, face turnin' purple from exuberance and exhaustion with this kookey life I'm lost in. I've decided I'm going to stop trying to find it and stay lost - does this mean that I've found it?? Anyway, I've been reading more and everything - it's something that's easy to do anywhere, anytime and I'm beginning to grasp a stronger sense of what knowledge and imagination are all about - it doesn't show in this issue, though. Soon...

# moments

Whistling past the whispers and whittling away the grips...

There is a vitality, seething, seeping no longer sleeping pushing forward past teething feelings holding heartbeats to stop from throbbing, throwing-up, flopping folding-up into a ball.

talking, talking, thinking into a ball bouncing, crouching for the collision, finally finding the volition to roll, not bounce, learn how to pounce, learn how to shout, not figure things out, but

I mean, if I have the name of this zine tattooed on the back of my neck I might as well continue to make it all mean something. Something beyond record reviews and mindless jabber (like I said, soon...) I hope to put out issues a little more frequently, too... kinda as a forced writing exercise. My apologies to everyone who ordered this issue a long time ago. If you are wondering what I've been doing lately (I know you all have!) check out the band Dogfight - I've been playing sax and making music and really enjoying being on the creating side of sound. It's also given me a finer appreciation of perception and acknowledgment - maybe that only makes sense to me. Oh well, I'm probably the only one reading this anyway! Yeah, Dogfight will have a 7" out in March on Collective Chaos Records - some friends of ours in Chicago. Check it out! Besides that, I manage to stay busy livin' here in Minneapolis. I've seen some personal failures and some very uplifting times, all of which I am just now starting to reflect upon. Must be the new year... It's nice to know that this zine will probably be (at least) looked at by quite a few locals and that people like myself can find support for our efforts, unlike a lot of places I've lived before. Hopefully this will remain the case. It gives me a new reason to continue this xerofice since I'm presently burned out on excessive letter-writing (my apologies to semi-forgotten pen pals!) I also feel the strong desire to voice my anger and resentment in written form (I do enough screaming in Dogfight.) Today the U.S. bombed Iraq again and all sides are dying in Somalia... and Minneapolis. Maybe renewing my faith in the underground press and my own writing abilities will give me a little more faith than a lot of recent endeavors. I accept all of the privilege that I've discovered I possess, but I still find it a very fuckin' tough world to live in... and it isn't getting any easier. One of the first reasons I found for doing a zine was to communicate with people outside the slow pace of rural life. Lately I've started to wonder if that will again be the impetus for finishing future issues. For now, though, I enjoy discovering the uses of words and language and figuring out new ways to twist everything up. It's getting harder and harder to deny the power of weapons over words, but it makes a good challenge... especially to someone who would probably miss. I'm out - expect the next one soon.

.criterion t.

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# 1ater (months longer...)

still talk, squawk, gain the momentum  
to borate the collas (collaborate the  
torrents) kiss the moment where collision  
becomes volition where volition is my  
body sinking in the sand, landing in the  
sink, thinking too quick and coming out  
with slow blinks of waves to crave a maze  
to connect the sand to the land, the volition  
to the collision and the sinks to the  
think(tanks) It's humid now, but not raining...  
water.

From  
no external compulsion  
P.O.BOX 7302  
MINNEAPOLIS, MN  
55407-9998

BYE.



BE LED ASTRAY.



NINE SONG  
TAPE

BASS MORE BASS  
HORN MORE HORN  
BEATS MORE BEATS  
\$3 PPD.

55407-9998  
MINNEAPOLIS, MN  
P.O.BOX 7302  
c/o dogfight